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Credo—the Mass is only a continuation of chopped, broken, clashing, jerking periods; an agglomeration of piercing sonorities, which are attained by the monotonous means of the crescendo.

We will, perhaps, be thought severe, but we appeal to the sincerity of all those, who, like us, assisted, last Thursday, at the performance of the Abbé Liszt's Mass, at the Church of St. Eustache. Let them say if that little part for the organ and voices did not, for a moment, relieve the ear and the mind from the excessively fatiguing masses of sonority with which the nave was filled without intermission, without connection and without motive. At the close of each new piece, the audience hoped for something in the succeeding one. At the Gloria, which only the Wagnerists could have found to their taste, they looked forward to the Sanctus; at the Sanctus, they said that the Agnus would compensate. When the Mass was over, the Kyrie was the only part that they remembered with pleasure.

One cannot say that the mountain has brought forth a mouse. Where is the mountain? Liszt thought that he saw one, but, in reality, there was neither mountain nor mouse. We have heard at the Imperial Academy of Music, at the unfortunate representation of Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser," the *operatic music of the future*. At the Church of St. Eustache we have had a specimen of the *sacred music of the future*. They were both of equal value. There are people who are wild with enthusiasm over this style of music, and their number daily increases. So much the better for them. As for ourselves we admire the sacred music of Masters in Art, whether they are Italian, French or German; whether they are called Palestrina, Mozart, Cherubini, Sesueur, Mendelssohn, A. Thomas, or even M. Gounod.

As for Liszt we shall ever honor him as the illustrious virtuoso of the present epoch, and we will leave the public to judge impartially of the composer of the future. But if it is only faith that saves one, will the Mass sung at St. Eustache save him. Heaven only knows. CECILIA.

LAST NIGHT.

Last night again I saw my Love, and by
Her side I sat, and gazed into her eyes,
And felt their beams, that now glanced fitfully
Aside, adown, like light of April skies,
And now in full tide poured into my soul,
Enkindle deep responsive fires in me.
I felt my being glow, and rise, and roll,
Then charmed lie, as lies a charmed sea.
Long time into her eyes' depths dreamily
I gazed, and gazed, until I seemed to soar
Within an ever-deepening, ceaseless eve,
Where she, with roses twined, dwelt evermore,
And rosy chaplets for the loved did weave.
Anon, the love-tones she did lip the while,
Stole over me, and mingled with that sky:
And then I woke, and saw the blush, the smile,
That hovered on her face retiringly;
And to that blissful heaven again I flee.

H. H.

Rich souls, that have more powers and for that reason more sides than common ones, seem, of course, to be less *porous*, just as authors full of meaning seem less clear. A man who exposes to you with frankness all the colors of his heart playing into each other, loses thereby the glory of frankness. JEAN PAUL.

LATEST READINGS.

SNOW-BOUND, A Winter Idyl. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Ticknor & Fields Boston.

This is a volume to linger over—to take each picture separately, and call up from the past a kindred memory of some dear one dead, who lives in the words of the poet—words which recall a host of perished graces, which beautified and hallowed life then, and whose influence extends even into the present. "Snow Bound," is an exquisite home picture, simple and unaffected, but abounding in beautiful thoughts, profound sentiment—a warm and appreciative love of nature and humanity, and a broad and comprehensive philanthropy.

The poem opens with a description of the first falling of the snow, its soft but persistent advance, until it blotted out all traces of the landscape, replacing them with its rounded outlines, beautiful but cold. Snow bound as they were, there was plenty of work to be done in the short daylight; a road to be cut, and the pent up cattle to be fed. In this description there is a brisk and gleeful excitement, which is infectious. Then comes the quiet home evening, rendered doubly home-like by the contrasted warmth and light within, with the howling dreariness without. Recalling the scene, after the lapse of many years, suggests reflections thus eloquently expressed by the poet:

"What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away.
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble's play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

The description of the loved members of the home circle, are singularly graphic, all the characteristics being touched in by a loving and tender hand. We quote three of these family pictures which stand out from the canvas, not now mere color-semblances, but living realities, so vivid and distinct rise their personalities before us:—

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate

Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dries so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil, and soil, and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.
There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,—
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee below the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek.
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.

We should be glad to quote more largely from this beautiful book, but our space is circumscribed. The selections we have made however, cannot fail to create a desire to read the whole poem, and enjoy the simple narrative, so touchingly and graphically told.

THE STORY OF KENNETT. By BAYARD TAYLOR, N. Y. G. V. Putnam; Hurd & Houghton.

This novel will add greatly to the reputation of Bayard Taylor; the simple earnestness of its style, the happy delineation of character, and the fine poetic glow in its descriptions of nature, are points which, while commanding admiration, are